

so it seems to me'. But that plea cannot cover the tone of passages such as occur in the introduction of Mr. Eliot's selection from Ezra Pound: 'I have met very few people in my life who really care for poetry. . . . Most people will find in this book things that they like and things that they dislike; only persons who like poetry and have trained themselves to like poetry will like it all. And of such persons there are not many.' Here, to be sure, is the living echo of Bramston's 'Man of Taste':

This is true taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

Only in its wearier tone this curious cold insolence seems not so much deliberate as the utterance of some Pharisaic ghost, hardly conscious whom it is addressing in the living world, so remote has it grown.

The selection in question would, indeed, have been none the worse, had its editor devoted a little less space to celebrating his own excellences, and a little more time to correcting the howlers that disfigure its classical quotations. Such things are trifling enough in themselves; but Mr. Eliot can hardly expect special indulgence, after ordering the late Charles Whibley to execution for a simple phrase of two words: 'a critic would not use so careless a phrase as "Tasso's masterpiece" '. But indeed we all stand in mortal peril: 'It might be said in our time that a man who cannot enjoy Pope as poetry, probably understands no poetry.' Here is a wholesale

banishment
among the Goths hanging over our heads.
Pope would
doubtless have smiled with gratification to
hear such a
judgement; but I trust he would also have
had the sense
to laugh at it. For how can any rational being
make such
enormous statements? As certitude follows
certitude on
these pages, and hyperbole hyperbole, I find
myself murmuring again and again, like the Marquise
whose husband